Mrs. Freedman

BELLEVUE AND ALLIED HOSPITALS

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Memphis, Tenn.

MEET the dearest hubby in all the world, J. M. Freedman!

How do you like him?

Jan 20, 1919.
Monday.

Precious Hubby of mine: —

Dear head, I just received your wonderful letter of Friday. Honey, it is simply the most wonderful letter I have ever read. Already, I have read it three times, and expect I'll know it by heart when I see you again. Don't even be worried by the idea that you aren't much of a letter writer — I never read such a letter before! As to me, love dear, it is because you love me so much that whatever I do or say is just right. No matter how eloquently you think I write — the theme of my letters is always simple — I love you — that is what I want to convey to you. With such a theme and with you as my hubby — how could I but write long letters to you? I should certainly have to be stupid to do otherwise. Most certainly I shall send you big ones just as often as I can. Here is one for you now.

In yesterday's letter, I reproached you for having sent me a short letter. Dear, it was all a mistake, I thought I had written you that big letter Monday and after posting my letter, it only came to my mind. Forgive it, dear. Yesterday's letter surely more than made up for any short letter you may ever have sent. Your letter of the 23rd was not so short, but not as long as I wanted in answer to my big letter. Don't think anymore about it.

And honey, don't worry over me staying down at the hospital. I am quite comfortable and things are quite peaceful. Every week I go home, either to mom's, Kay's or your mother's and then, the Sunday that I am off, I leave on Saturday night and don't see the place again until Monday morning. I'll tell you how I arrange it. On Tuesday I get off at four. Last Tuesday, I went to Kay's — to-morrow I am going to

my mother. On Friday I always go to your mother's house for supper when I come back the following morning (I spend the night wherever I go, except at Kay's - as it is very near) I just muss up the bed and make it appear as though I slept there. One of the girls here "pulled wires". So for it has worked beautifully and no one is the wiser - and it keeps the peace. There is no sense of causing an argument when it can be done otherwise. The meals are splendid of late. The room is nice large and airy, everything clean and taken care of. When I am there, I just sit & embroider or sew, and dream & think of you. The evening soon passes and I have accomplished something. About 10.30 or 10.45 I retire, and the bed is so cosey that I find little trouble in falling asleep. The girls are lovely to me. Everyone doing all they can for me. So you see dear, I am not such a prisoner as you might imagine and you really have nothing to worry over. I can economize greatly as far as money is concerned and you know what I want to do with it. I do, too, want to get a little ~~fa~~ gether so as to be able to get some clothing. Everything will come alright, honey, it is only a matter of time; and April or even May previous, is not so awfully terribly far away — even though, to us, it appears an age. Looking forward to time ~~to~~ certainly not very encouraging. For time certainly has a peculiar knack of passing slowly when waiting for it to roll around. Yes you remember, honey, before we were married, how you would say "Oh, the time would never, never come". And now look back honey — does it seem to you as though 7 months could have passed so quickly? And yet until April will crawl around —

I am happy to know that you struck such a bargain with the typewriter. I was really worried to know what you would do. *70 sounded almost absurd. I have looked in the various stores along 2 3rd St. and B'way but could not see any with prices on them, too, I did not know one model from another. I looked at Jones & C. Smiths but did not know whether they were new models or not. I am glad that is settled. Did you get the other chairs and carpet yet? From your letter things sound encouraging. I do hope they are. Your letter, precious, certainly has made me very, very happy.

Rose called me up to-day again. She told me about your instructions to allow me to do with her as I please, as you are a "Jewish fellah from the South". She is a good kid & I certainly hope she meets some one worthy of her. As I told you Rob. was down Friday night and his actions showed quite plainly as to his sentiments to Rose. When going to bed, I spoke to Rose, casually, about him — remarking that he was a nice fellow etc. but Rose would have none of him. One of her reasons being that she couldn't shake him off among his friends. I was rather surprised at this from Rose and asked her how she ever considered Benty. Then certainly wasn't very much about him that would stand much criticism. Rob is very anxious to follow your example in married life — he wants to meet some nice girl and then, in perhaps a year or so, settle down.

See to it that you keep on caring about yourself. I am all right so far as health is concerned. My foot is much, much better, but I am still wearing the support. I guess by Spring I shall be able to leave it off. You, dear, keep on trying to be brave and courageous and if that lonesome feeling

I should keep cropping up just down it with the thought that April is about 8 weeks away and with the first of April a loving wifie will either be there or still at least, be getting ready to start soon. And precious love – when I do get there all your devotion to love, hug, kiss and care for me will be realized – and – so long will mine. I must certainly shall wear the bridal set that you think so pretty – what wouldn't I give to be able to wear it now for you! I have not touched any of my pretties; when I saw them it was with tender thoughts – of happiness with you – without you dear, I could never dream of wearing them. They are all being saved for you, precious. Nothing, love, would make me happier than have mine dream come true. Not only shall he bear the name of your dear Pop, but I shall try to bring him up to be a credit to that name. I should like him to be just like his dad, honey – just like you. You are, dear, most wonderful.

I spent last night at May's. Helen is a dear. Pretty is hardly the word for her. Those little dimples that crop into her cheeks when she smiles make want to hug her to pieces. When May & Wendel heard of your opening an office, they asked me to send you their best wishes for success. They sure were happy to hear it.

Before I go much further Love, I must give up the game I owe you. Sue & Rob both liked you from the very beginning. Rob saw immediately sure the difference between you & Hinney Jr., the difference being you had brains and Hinney – well you know. Rob even told Hinney to save up his money so that when you need an office help he could go down to help you. Expect Rob, Sue & the Baby up to your mothers home Sunday. As to the Baby's name. Sue remarked to me when you & I came up last time that that was the one objection she had to the baby's name. I think she told me he was named after a Victoria and that was the only name available with V as an initial.

As to Ben Levi, honey, you can't surprise me, after what I already know of him. There must be some truth in the reports if all the people tell you the same thing. For that reason, dear, I should like you to have as little as possible to do with him. He never was such a dear friend to you that it will come hard for you to sever relations with him. Don't answer his letters anymore, precious. You wouldn't care to have him as a friend, anymore, would you? So don't bother with him, honey. From your own experience you know what he is — a regular ~~bull~~ "bull thrower" - full of blarney. Let him entirely out — since your reputation, which has always been irreproachable, is at stake. He is hardly worth it any time.

The night work, honey, was never put into effect, and, as far as I can see, never will be. Even if they do, dear, I am not worried, as they will have to give me more money. Everything is quiet concerning it so I guess it's all off.

There is hardly any ink left in my pen, honey, so, I shall have to close. There is very little else that I could write, except that I am going to my mother's house to-morrow night. Give my regards to Mr & Mrs Lazaar, your aunt and uncle, and Mr Solomon. Have you visited the Hold's yet? Don't forget that I am awaiting the Lazaar's report.

With all my love, tender thoughts, longest kisses to the dearest Hubby in the world, I close,

As Ever,

Your loving but longing Wifie